

Robbery Rewarded, O R, An Account of Five Notorious High-way-men's Exploits :

Viz, JAMES SLAUTER, JOHN WHITE, JOHN V VILLIAMS, alias, MATCHET, FRANCIS JACKSON, V VALTER PARKHURST.

The manner of their taking on the 17th. of March last past, one of their Company. Viz. James Slauter being since dead in Newgate, the tryal of the other four at the old baly the 10th. and 11th. of April, they were found Guilty in fifteen several Indictments for Robbery and Murther, the persons Kill'd by them, were one Edward Kemp of Henden, and Henry Miller of Hamstead, for which facts three of them were sentenced to be hang'd at the comon place of Execution, & Jackson to be gibbeted at Hamp-
ton.

Tune is, packington's pound.



A Dicu vain delights, and bewitch us no more,
Our former ill courses we now do deplore;
Our Crimes upon Earth hath bereav'd us of hope,
The thread of our lives is spun out in a Rope:

We Rob'd Night and Day,
Upon the High-way,

And spent it on Wine, and on wenches & play,
But to this sweet meat sowre sauce must be had,
For the Gallows is still the reward of the padd.

Neer Colebrook & Windfor our scene we did lay,
Each purse that came there Contribution must pay
we scorn'd to compound with the great or the small,
For the game y^e we play'd at, was nam'd have at all

With Pistol in hand,

We made them to stand,

And deliver you Dogs was the word of Com-
But with this sweet meat sowre sauce must be had,
For the Halter attends all the Kts. of the padd.

We made our selves valiant with full flowing flags,
To Gramine Portmantues, and rar sack the waggons,
Who travel'd in Coaches, if we came in sight,
They presently bid all their moneys good-night.

But alas all in vain,
For now we are ta'ne,

And must finish our lives in sorrow and pain,

Destruction still treads on the heels of the bad,
And a Halter attends all the Knights of the padd.

Each sort, and Sex must submit to our Door,
The Gallants were Hector'd the Ladies o're come,
Whose fine tempting Jewels we soon made a prize,
Though never so guarded with languishing eyes,
Rich Cloaths and good L^{ce},

We made them uncase,

And left them behind to complain on the p'ace.

but with such sweet meat sowre sauce must be had,
For the Gallows is still the reward of the padd.

The renowned Du Vall with his lat. errant fame,
Henceforward shall yield to our gallanter name;
He silted the people with tricks and with words,
We made them submit to the chains of our strods.

Pet alas to our shame,

Our ends prove the same,

The Hangman and Tyburn our merits proclaim.
Destruction still treads on the heels of the bad, &c.

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Our work we so plott'd, that in very few days,
We resolv'd a good round sum of money to raise,
Which by being obtained a plot we design'd,
To trip o're the Ocean, where none should us find,
But alas our hard fate,
Has quite alter'd our state,
We find by sad proof now although 'tis too late,
That to our sweet meat sowre sauce must be had,
For the Halter attends all the Knights of the padd;
The Country Alarm'd with what we had done,
They come in each man that could handle a Gun,
With muskets, & with Flapels, & with Halberts all rusty
With dead living Rapiers and Cudgels were trusty
In War, Flanch, and Keer,
They round us appear, (fear
Which yet could not cause our bold Spirits to
Destruction thus, &c.

A couragious retreat we resolv'd for to make,
For well we perceiv'd that our lives lay at stake,
And thence we conlude it a nobler thing,
To fall by the Sword then to creep through a string.
We fought all the way,
To Hampstead that day.
And often shifted Horses to make the less stay,
but still 'tis in vain, &c.

Two poor men we see whose deplorable sake,
Which grief fills our souls, & it makes our hearts ake,
Which sighs & we hieers we beg mercy of Heaven,
That Crime and all others may quite be forgiven.

Which if we procure,
We will gladly endure,

Our punishment here, and esteem them a Cure:
Though vile we have been, & most shameful our story
True repentance may waite from the Gibet to glory.

Though long we resisted yet wounded full sore,
At last we grew faint and could hold out no more,
But strightly confined to Newgate we came,
Where one by his death was released from shame.

The rest on fair Tryal,
Beyond all denial,

Were clearly convicted & now they must die all.
Thus to our sweet meat, &c.

Thus may our Camp'le to all be a warning,
And serve for each young mans instruction & learning;
Be honest & Just, & not wast time and leisure,
In Ryot, Debauchness, and wantoning pleasure:
For see what sad gains,
One of us obtains,

His body it must be consumed in Chains.
Destruction still treads on the heels, &c.
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